

**MARVEL**  
LIMITED SERIES

2 of 5

**DYNAMITE**  
ENTERTAINMENT

# MARVEL ZOMBIES

VS. ARMY OF DARKNESS™



**PARENTAL ADVISORY**



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\$2.99 US \$3.75 CAN

DIRECT EDITION

Suyong



# PREVIOUSLY



**MEET ASHLEY J. WILLIAMS**—RETAIL CLERK TURNED DIMENSION-HOPPING ADVENTURER AND HERO. ASH SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME FIGHTING A VERITABLE ARMY OF DARKNESS COMPOSED OF THE TERRIFYING CREATURES KNOWN AS DEADITES, UNDER THE FOUL COMMAND OF THE NECRONOMICON (THE BOOK OF THE DEAD), BUT THE LAST THING ASH REMEMBERS NOW IS BEING DEAD HIMSELF—AND IN WHAT **MIGHT** BE HEAVEN—CONFRONTING A HORRIFIC, ZOMBIFIED CREATURE IN YELLOW TIGHTS...THAT PUNCHED HIM INTO A NEW WORLD.



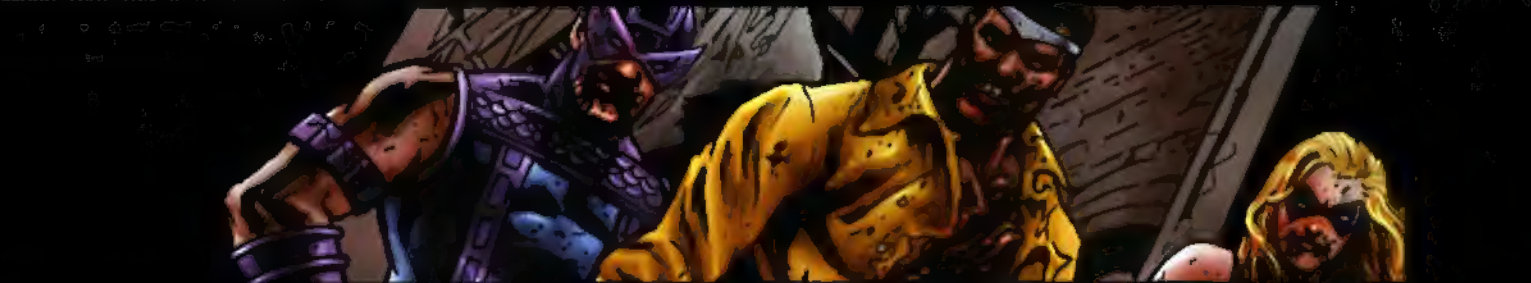
**UPON** LANDING IN THIS WORLD, ASH LEARNS THAT LOTS OF PEOPLE HERE WEAR TIGHTS...AND HAVE SUPER POWERS...AND FIGHT CRIME...IT'S BASICALLY A WORLD OF BIZARRE MARVELS. THAT IS, UNTIL THE GUY IN THE YELLOW TIGHTS SHOWS UP, ALL UNDEAD, AND STARTS BITING THE OTHER GUYS IN TIGHTS AND TURNING THEM INTO ZOMBIES.



**THAT'S** WHERE THE CONFUSION SETS IN. ASH THINKS THE YELLOW-TIGHTED GUY IS A DEADITE—WHICH HE **ISN'T**. ASH TAKES IT UPON HIMSELF TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM THE ZOMBIFIED, SUPER-HEROIC, TIGHTS-WEARING COMMUNITY. THE THING IS, THESE GUYS AREN'T DEADITES. THEY'RE SOMETHING ELSE ENTIRELY.



**SO**, AS ASH IS GETTING HAULED AROUND IN A WEB-COCOON BY A GUY CALLING HIMSELF "SPIDER-MAN," THIS SPIDER CLOWN GETS BIT BY ANOTHER HERO—A RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE-WEARING DUDE CALLED COLONEL AMERICA. NOW ASH IS BEING FACED DOWN BY A **BUNCH** OF THESE MUTATED GUYS...AND HE'S ABOUT TO LEARN THAT THIS IS NO WORLD OF MARVEL HEROES...



...THIS IS A WORLD OF **MARVEL ZOMBIES**.

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Everybody take  
three steps back  
and one long breath--  
or I *eat* the  
archer's *brains*.

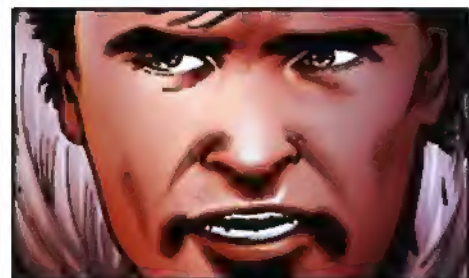
Nobody  
wants to see  
Hawkeye dead,  
*do* they?













Okay, knock it off. No more bickering.

We might need Clint later. And we're *still* a team. Even if our priorities have... changed.

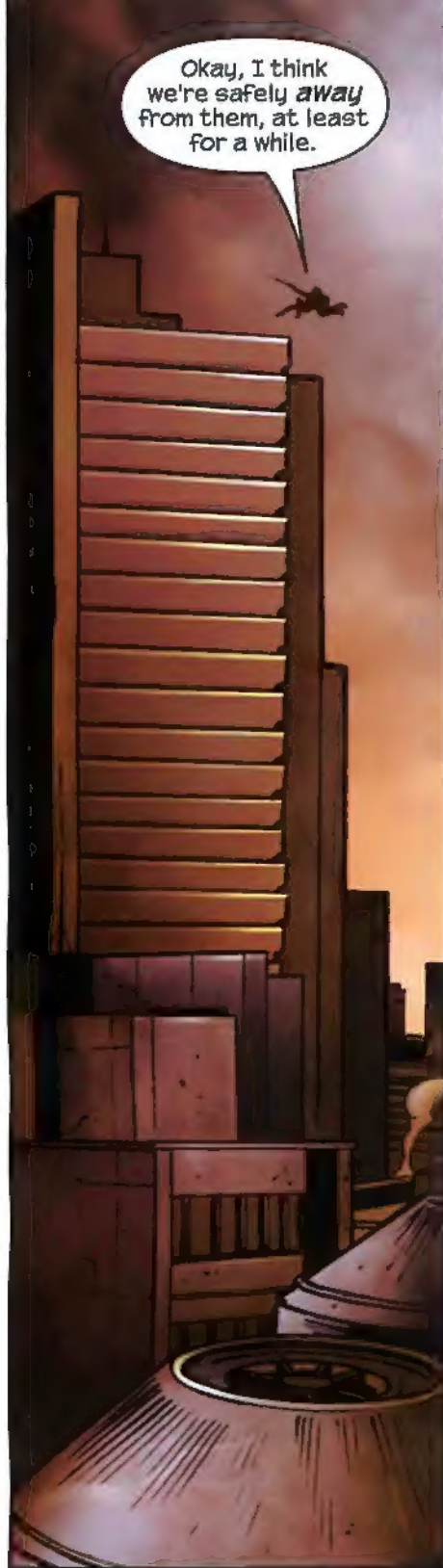
Go for it, Spidey.

You want to dine on *Jackass tartare* and not share...

...be our guest.

Bon appetit.





Okay, I think we're safely *away* from them, at least for a while.



Now... where were we?

Well, as I recall...



...you were making lunch plans--



VR-VR-VRROOOO!!!

--while **Ashley J. Williams** was gettin' ready to send another piece of *Deadite* trash back to the twisted fiery hell that spawned it!

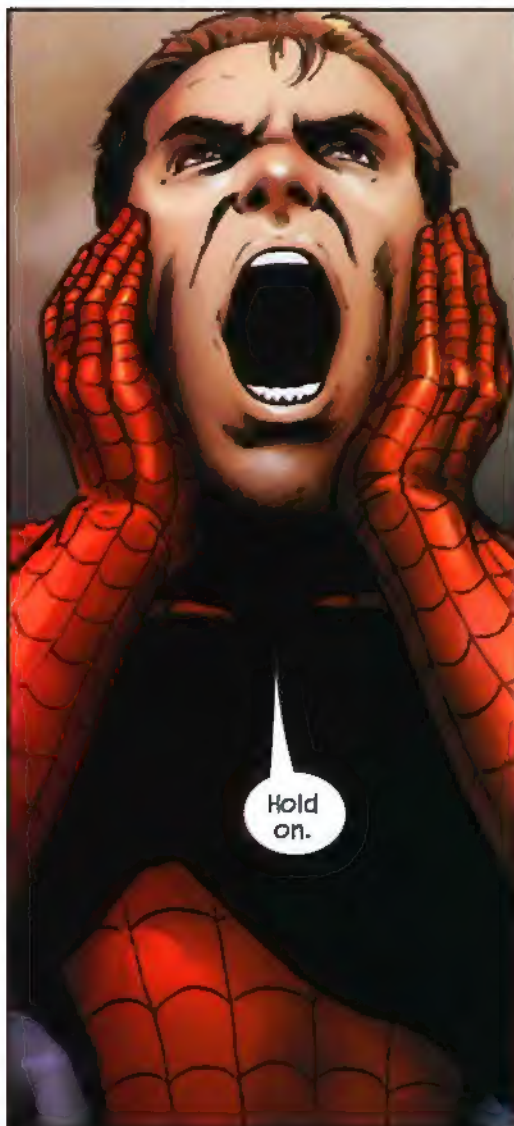
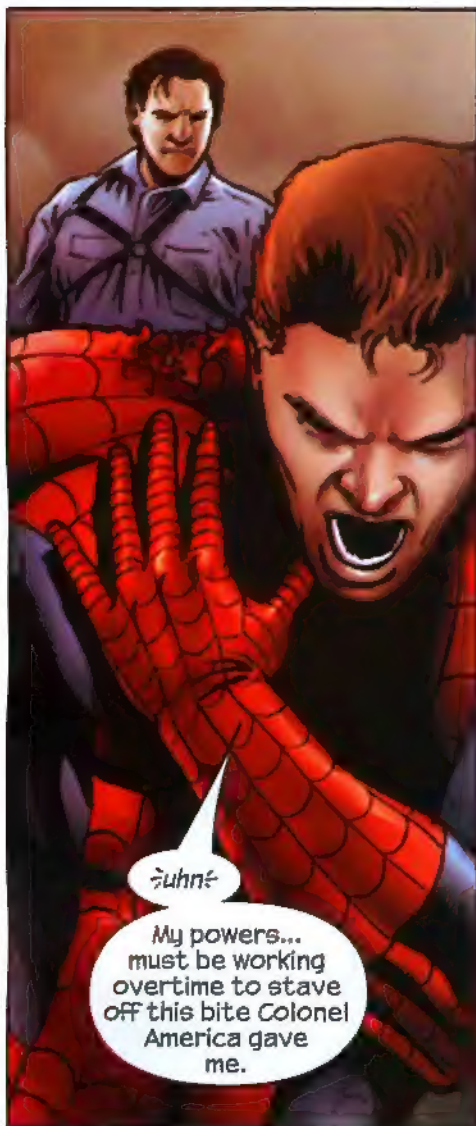
Cut it out, you *idiot*. Trust me, eating *you* is about the *last* thing I want to do.

Take a look--



--I'm still human.







# MARVEL ZOMBIES VS.

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS

# THE ARMY OF DARKNESS

A DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT PRODUCTION!

...you ain't  
seen nothin'  
yet.



PART  
2  
OF 5:

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FABIANO  
NEVES  
ARTIST

JUNE  
CHUNG  
COLORIST

VC'S RUS  
WOOTEN  
LETTERER

OMAR  
OTIEKU  
PRODUCTION

ROBERT  
KIRKMAN  
CONSULTANT

ARTHUR  
SUYDAM  
COVER [AFTER JIM LEE]

NICOLE BOOSE &  
JOHN BARBER  
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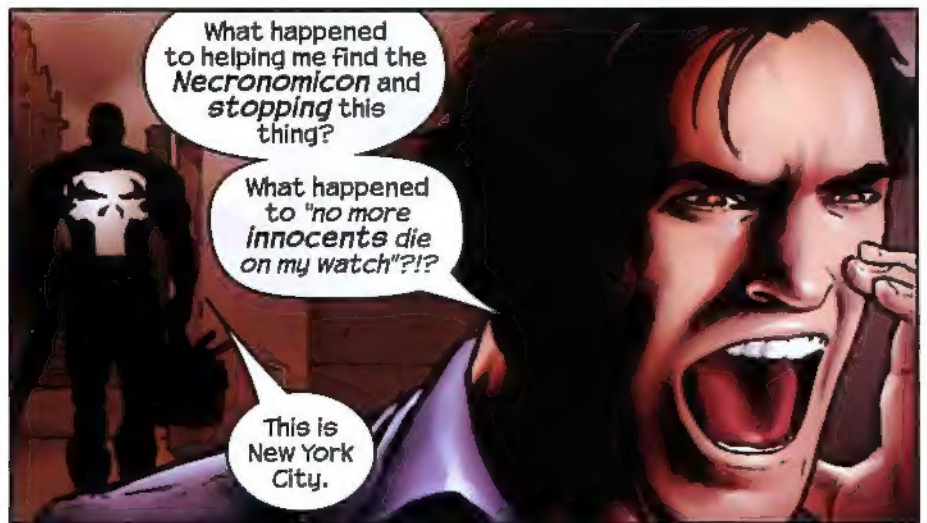
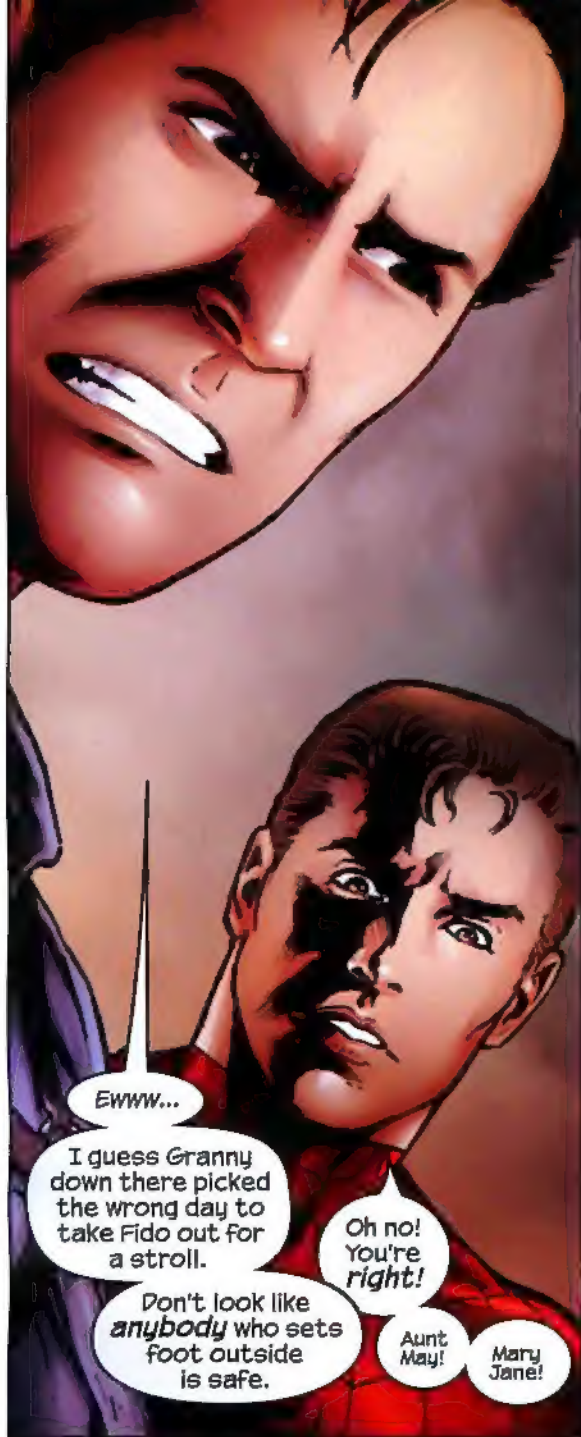
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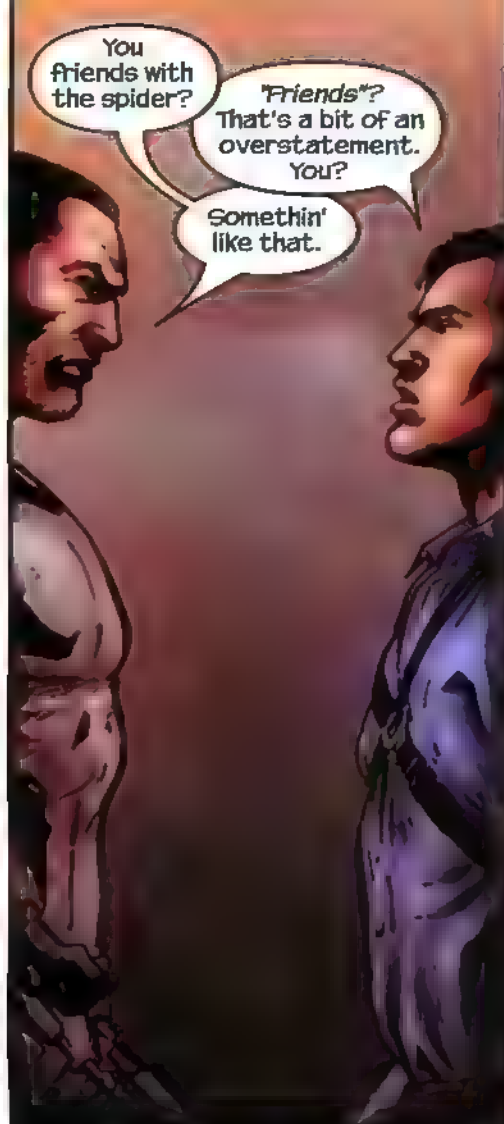
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You friends with the spider?

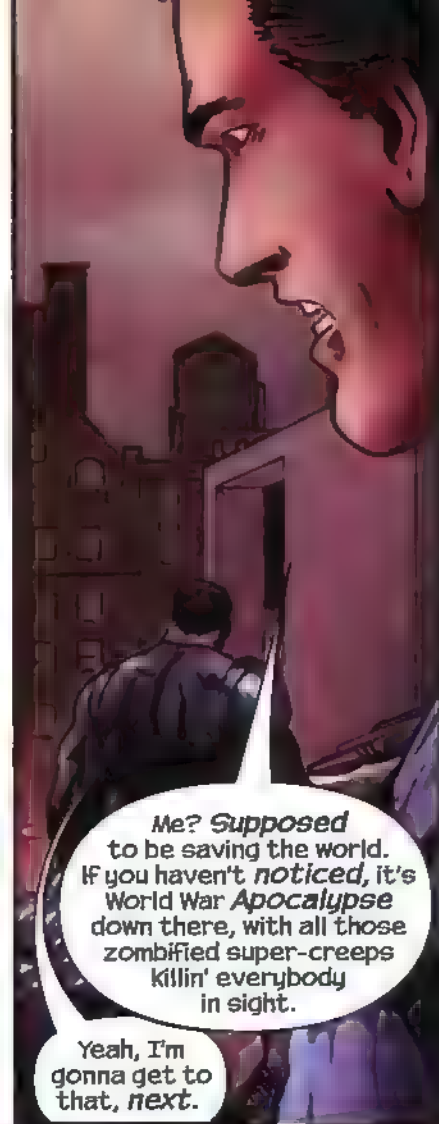
"Friends"? That's a bit of an overstatement. You?

Somethin' like that.



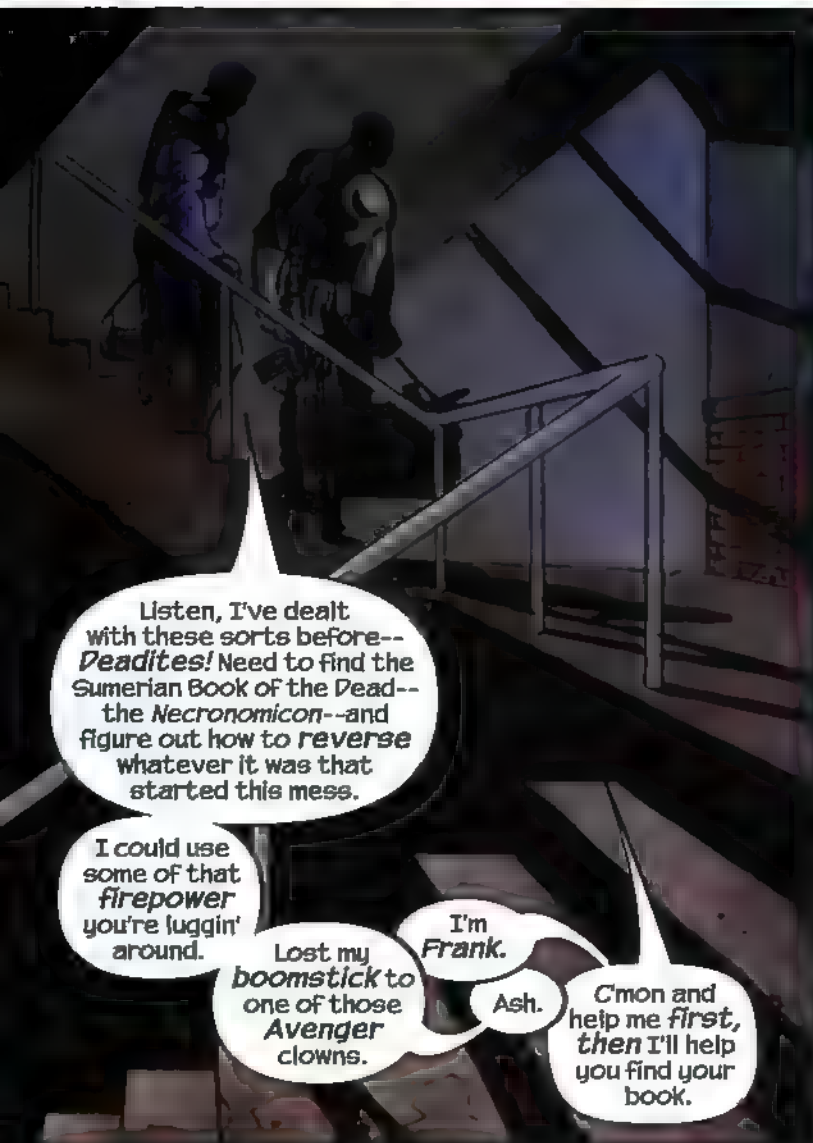
Hmmm. Like the chainsaw.

What are you doing up here, anyway?



Me? *Supposed* to be saving the world. If you haven't *noticed*, it's World War *Apocalypse* down there, with all those zombified super-creeps killin' everybody in sight.

Yeah, I'm gonna get to that, *next*.



Listen, I've dealt with these sorts before-- *Deadites*! Need to find the Sumerian Book of the Dead-- the *Necronomicon*--and figure out how to reverse whatever it was that started this mess.

I could use some of that *firepower* you're luggin' around.

Lost my boomstick to one of those *Avenger* clowns.

I'm Frank.

Ash.

C'mon and help me *first*, then I'll help you find your book.

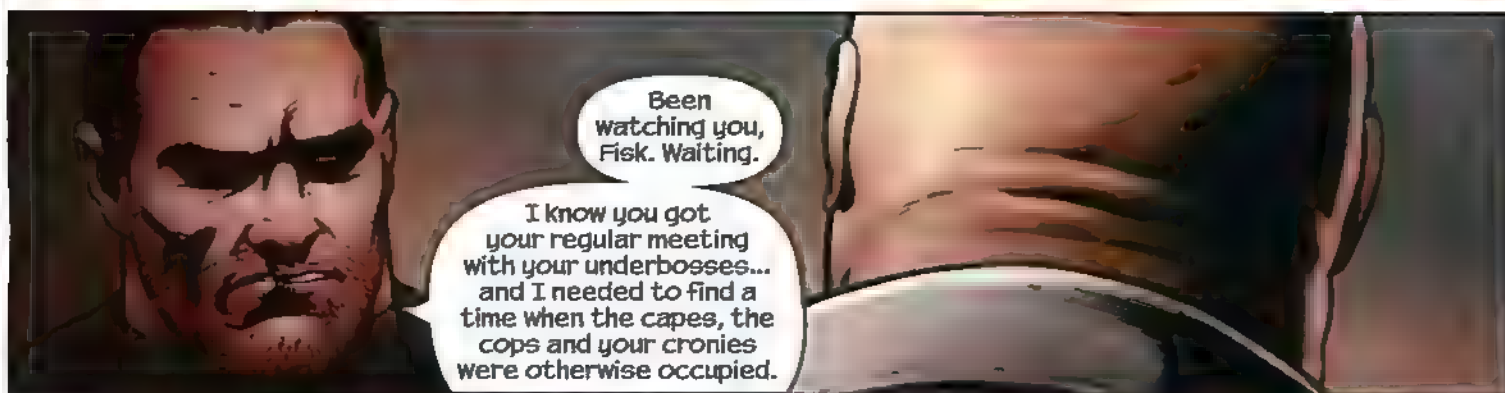
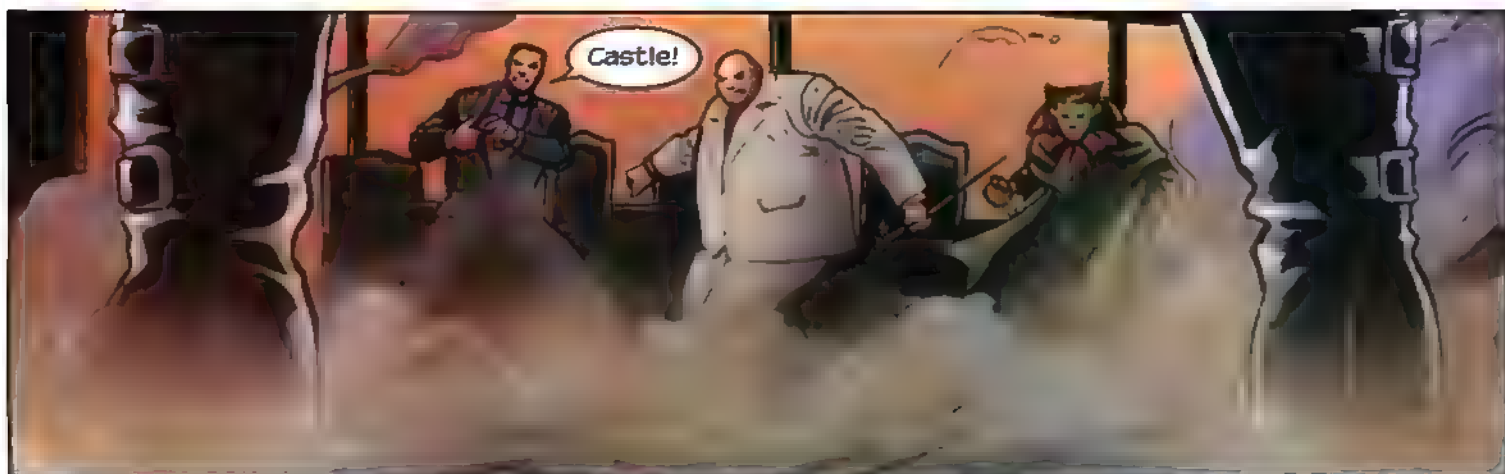


Help *you*? Dude! It's the frickin' end of the world! What could you *possibly* be doing *now* that's so important?

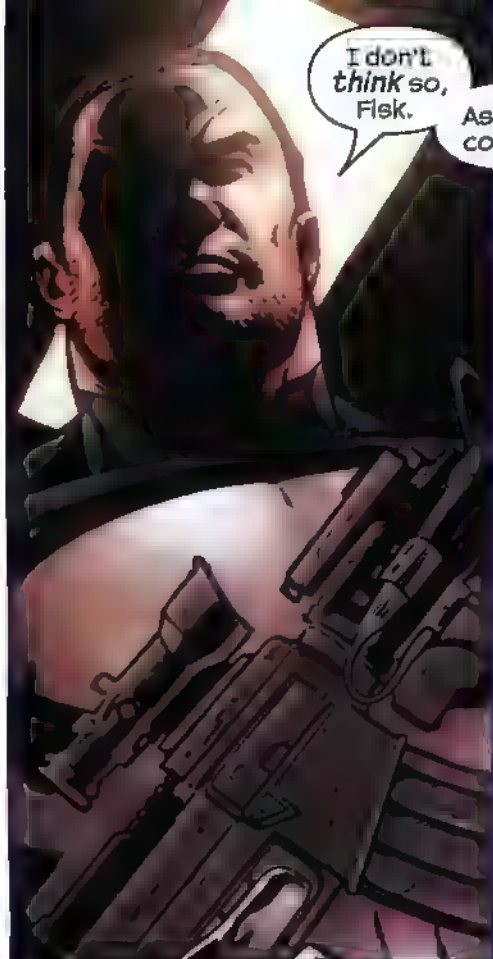
House cleaning.

Cover your ears.









I don't think so, Fisk.

As far as I'm concerned...

...you were never human.



**BRATATATATATA**



Y-you-you--

--are you supposed to be one of the good guys--

--or what?

Exactly.



Now... about those Deadites.



Outside.

**RUMMMMMMBLE**

Oh no.

shuff

pant

Oh no.

shuff

pant

Oh no.

shuff

pant

**RUMMMMMMBLE**

Oh no.

shuff

pant

Oh no.

shuff

pant

**RUMMMMMMBLE**

**RUMMMMMMBLE**

You were right.

It's a mess out there.

And it's spreading--

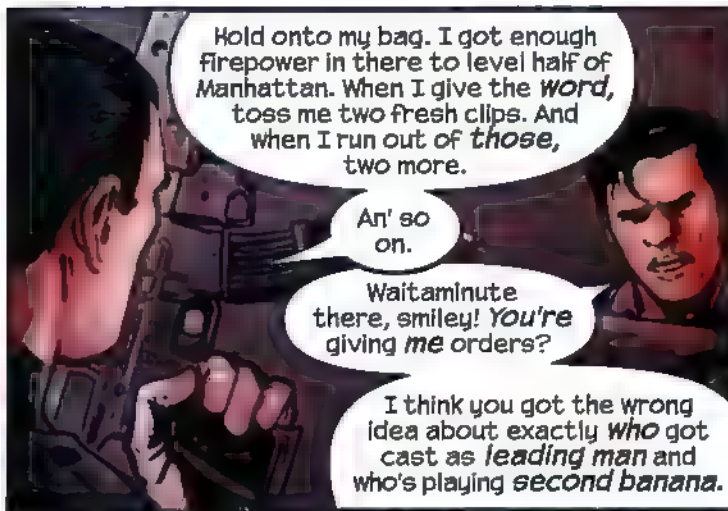
--fast!





Gonna need more guns for this one.

Booff



Hold onto my bag. I got enough firepower in there to level half of Manhattan. When I give the word, toss me two fresh clips. And when I run out of *those*, two more.

An' so on.

Waitaminute there, smiley! You're giving me orders?

I think you got the wrong idea about exactly *who* got cast as *leading man* and who's playing *second banana*.



Are you *listening* to me--uh, what do they call you anyway, other than Frank?

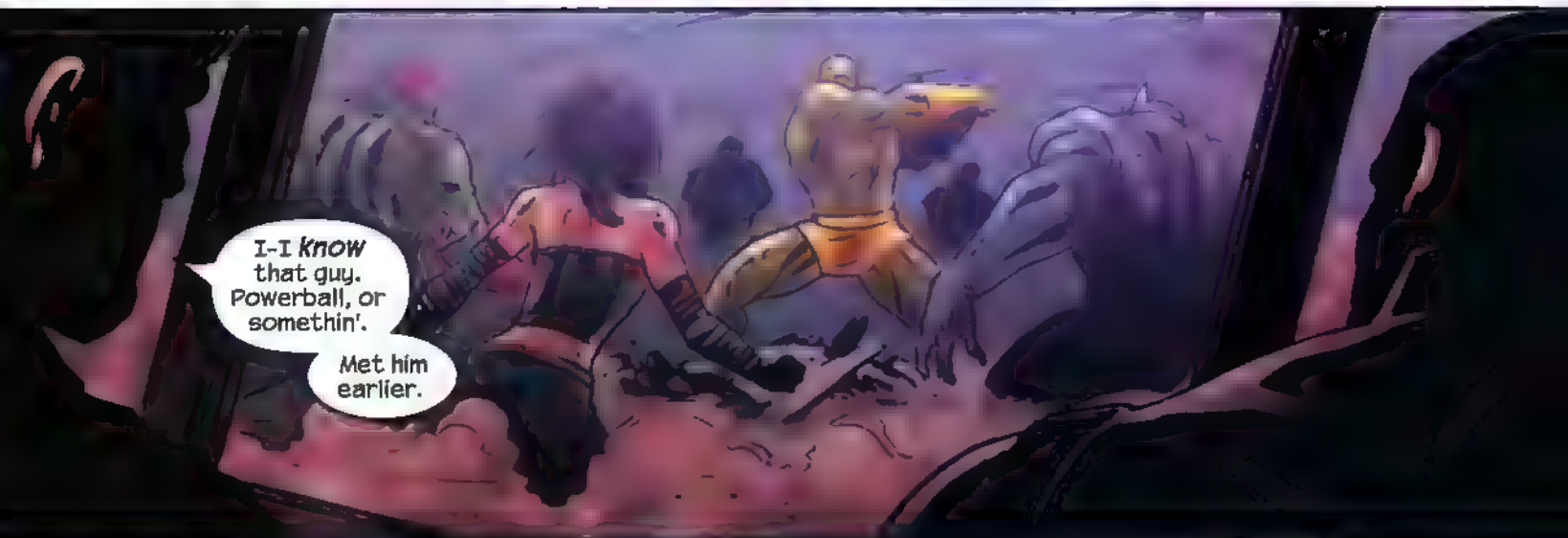
THE PUNISHER

Ugh...of course they do.



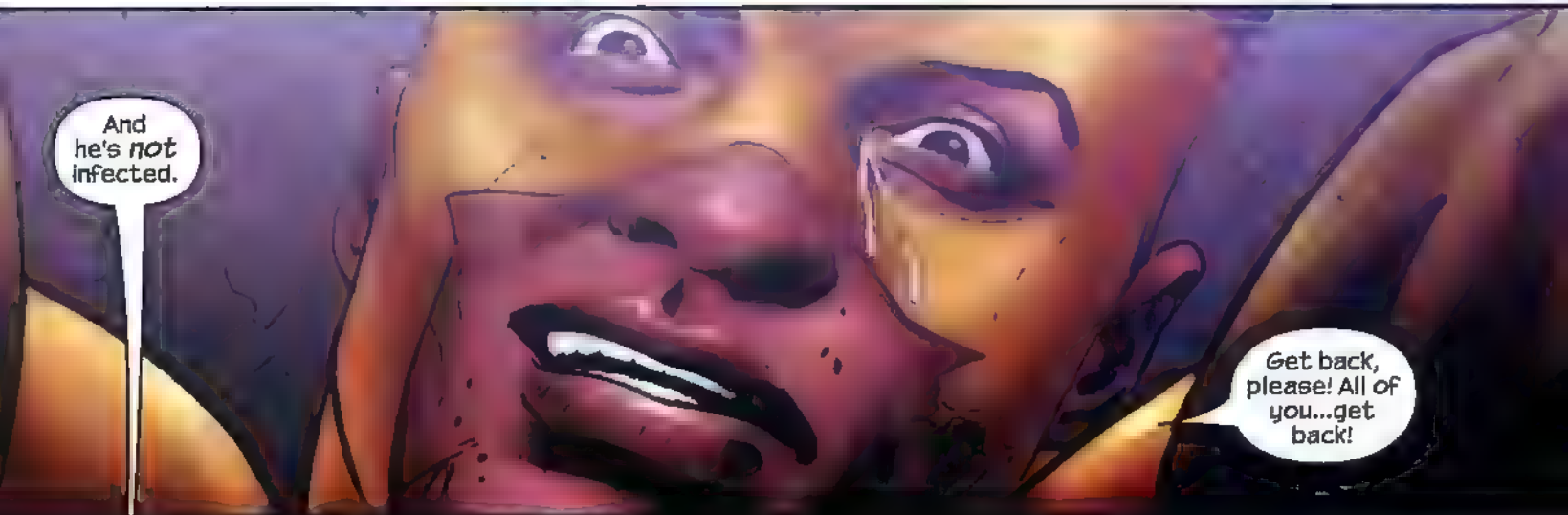
Stop it!

Listen to me--you *can't* do this!



I-I know that guy. Powerball, or somethin'.

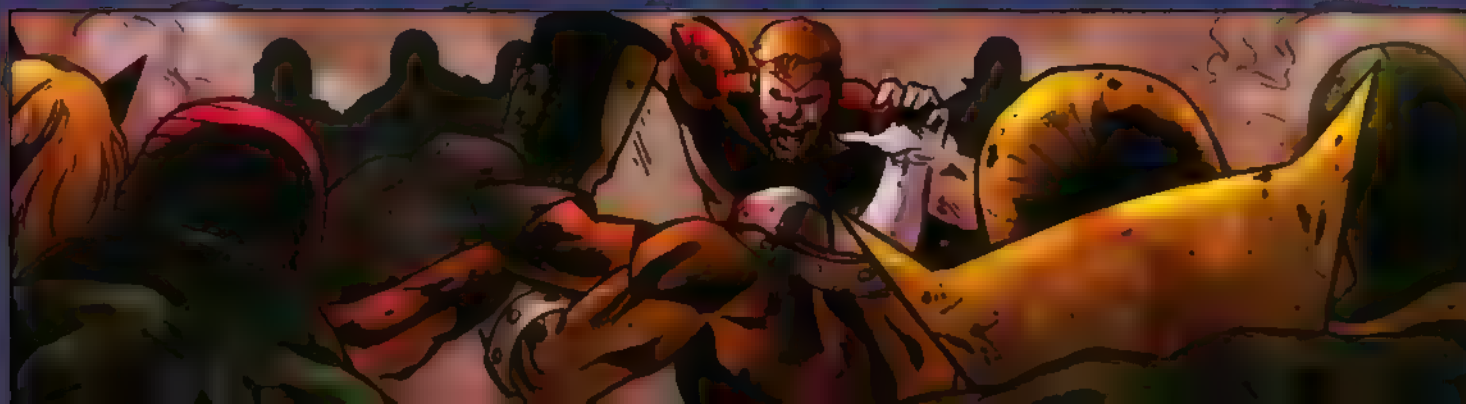
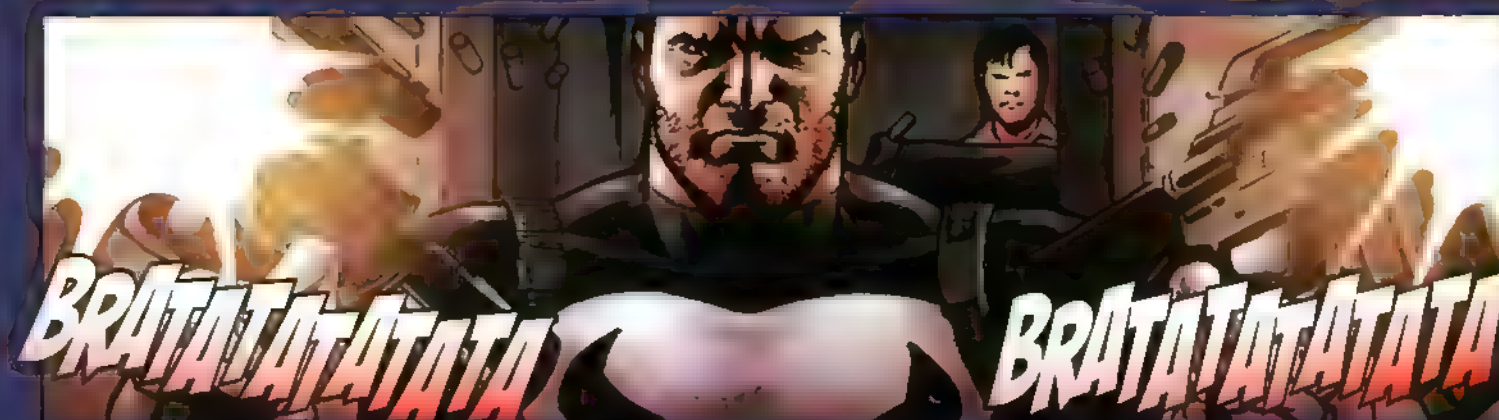
Met him earlier.



And he's *not* infected.

Get back, please! All of you...get back!





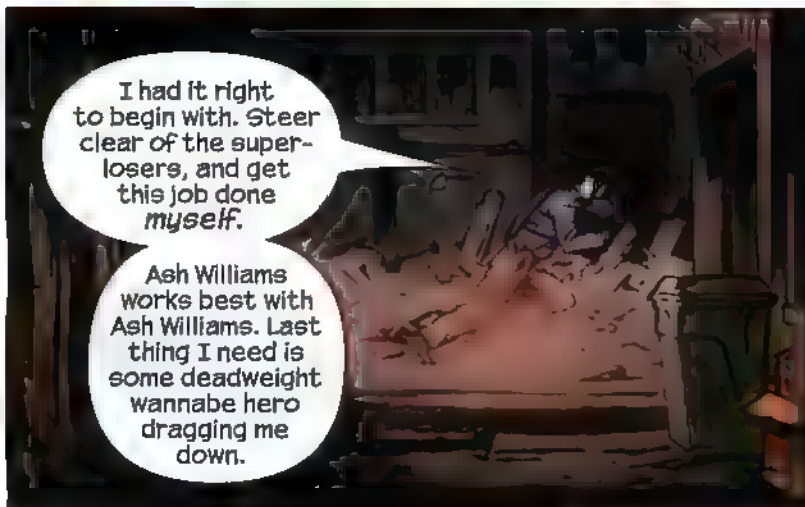




Whack-jobs,  
head-cases and  
loony-tunes, I tell  
ya, every last  
one of 'em.

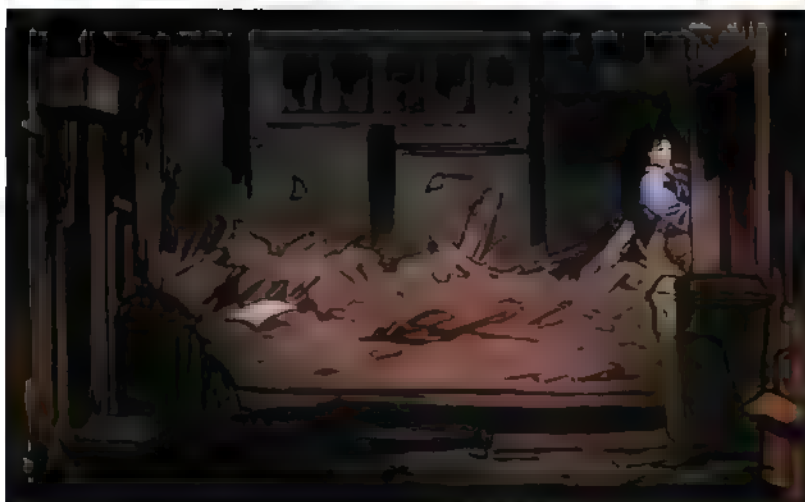


This entire world  
is *nuts*...probably *was*  
*nuts* long before  
*Infectious Deadite*  
cannibals showed up.



I had it right  
to begin with. Steer  
clear of the super-  
losers, and get  
this job done  
*myself*.

Ash Williams  
works best with  
Ash Williams. Last  
thing I need is  
some deadweight  
wannabe hero  
dragging me  
down.

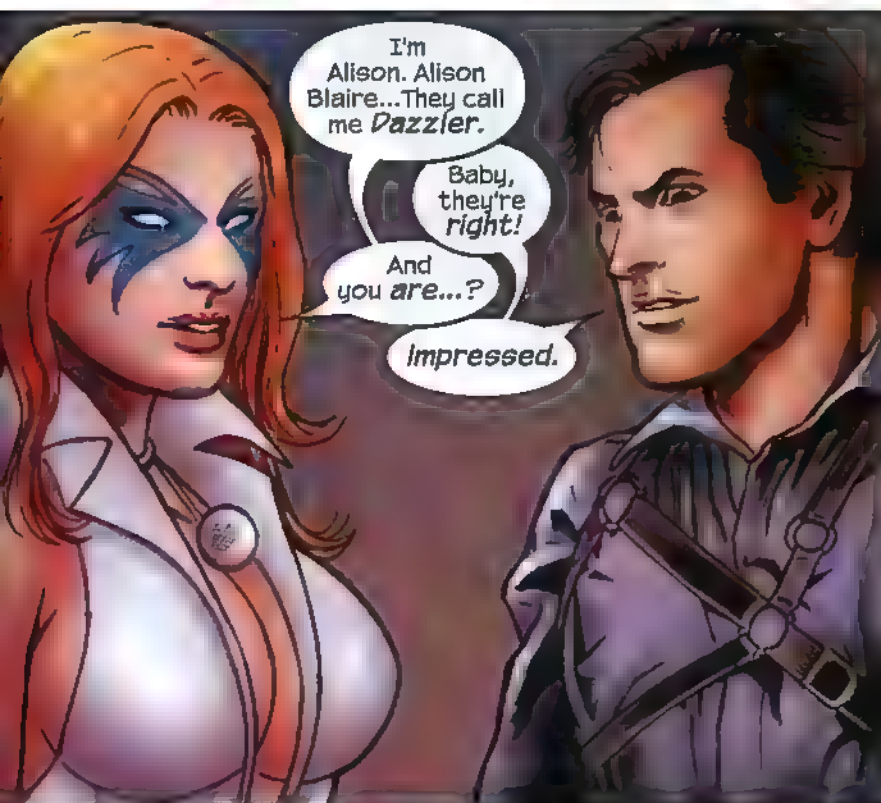


Then  
again:  
*Hell-o!*









I'm  
Alison. Alison  
Blair...They call  
me *Dazzler*.

Baby,  
they're  
right!

And  
you are...?

*Impressed.*



*Very  
Impressed.*



Do you  
mind?!?

Take it  
*easy*, sweet  
cheeks. The  
name's *Ash*--

--and I'm  
*just* checkin'  
for zombie  
bites.



You turn into one  
of those flesh-eating  
monstrosities five  
minutes from now,  
that's no good for  
either of us.



Can't be too careful,  
y'know. Already seen  
Earth's so-called  
*"Mightiest Heroes"* go  
down like a buncha  
bowling pins...

...seen a  
*spider* drop  
like a fly...

...and then some  
nutbag vigilante psycho  
get a taste of his own  
medicine--the operative  
word being *taste*.

Oh no...  
oh my God...  
all--all my  
friends...





There, there, sugarplum. Here... maybe resting on the masculine, muscular bicep of a *genuine* hero will take some of that pain away.

~sob~

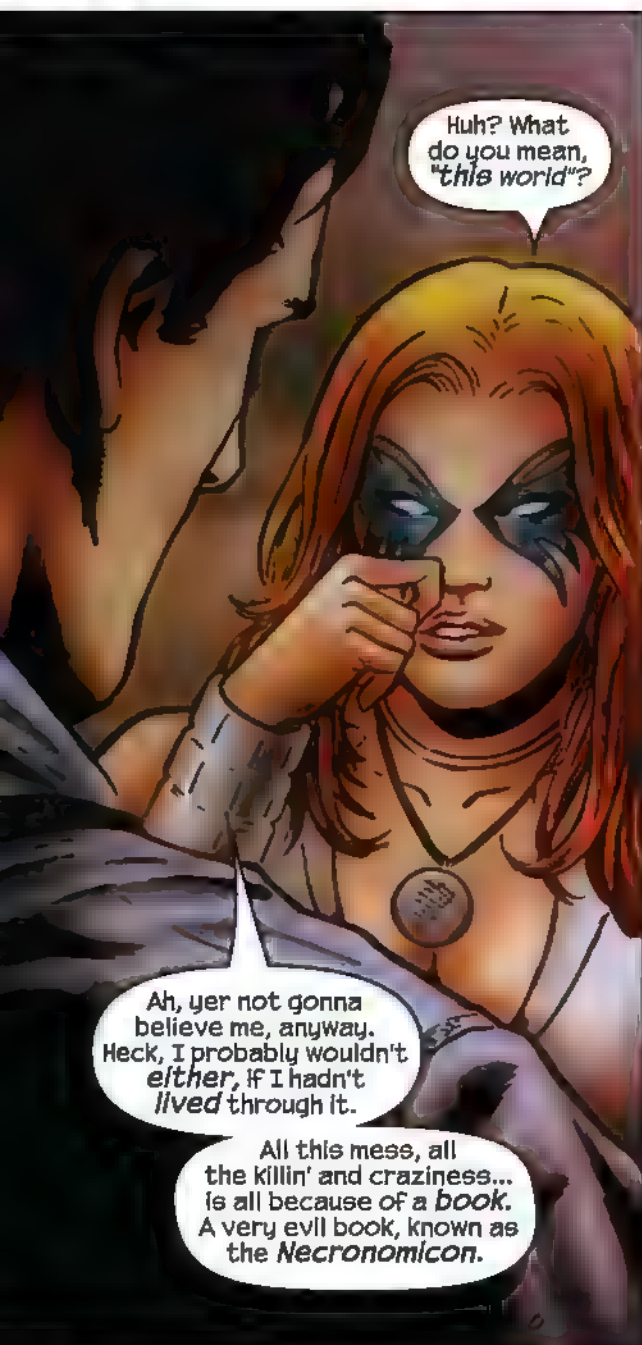
~sniff~

It really *is* the end of the world, isn't it?



That's right, hon.

"This world will die, and an army of the dead will rise."



Huh? What do you mean, "this world"?

Ah, yer not gonna believe me, anyway. Heck, I probably wouldn't *either*, if I hadn't lived through it.

All this mess, all the killin' and craziness... is all because of a *book*. A very evil book, known as the *Necronomicon*.



Me and it go *way* back.

It's sent me through time, into the past, the future, to different worlds...an' every time, I've got the better of the infernal thing.

And, girly, lemme tell you, once I get my mitts on that book, *this* time ain't gonna be *any* different.

Don't believe me, do ya?

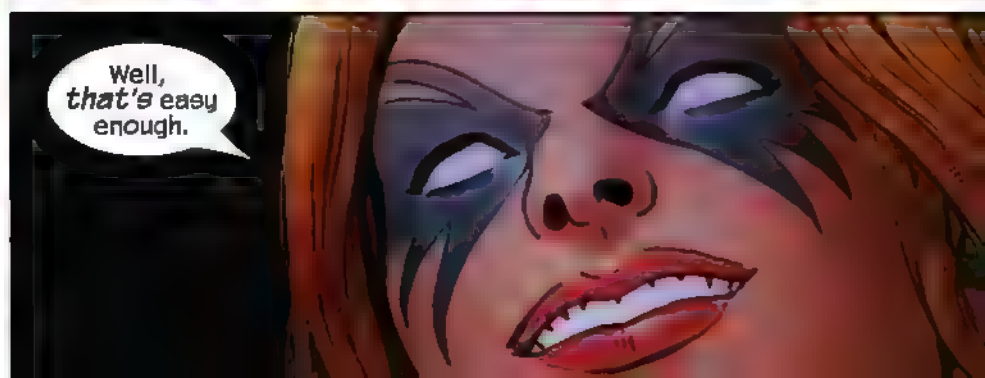


Well, it *does* sound pretty farfetched, but not any *less* believable than everything else that's going on.

And you *did* save me, too.

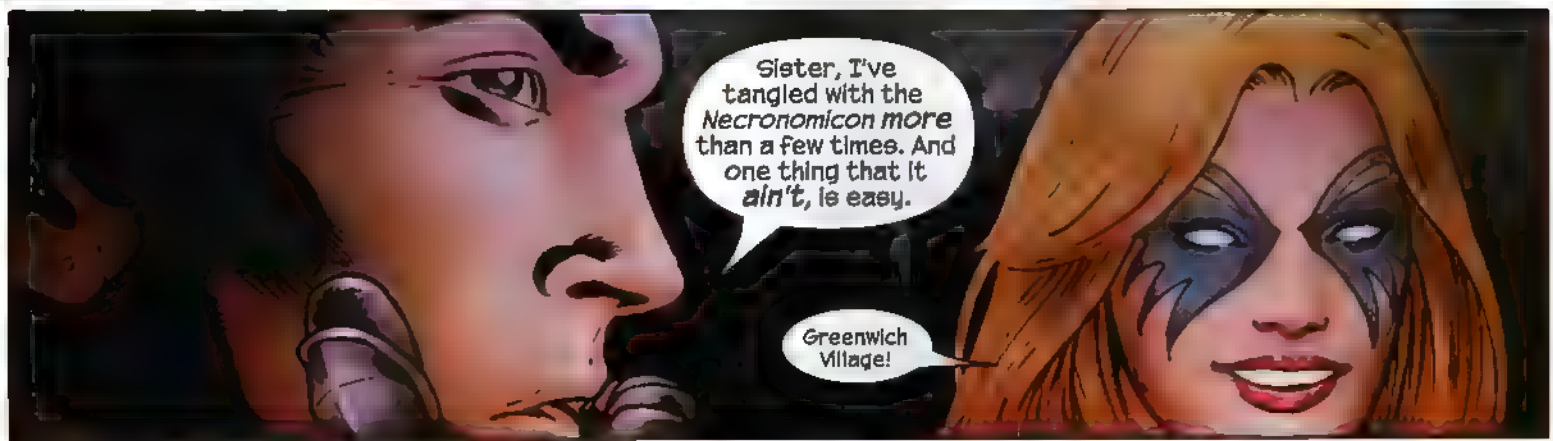
So if all *you* need to do is get your hands on some *magic book* to stop this thing...

Correction: *Dark magic book*.



Well, *that's* easy enough.









There! In the window! Looks like he's home, too.



Who--?

Stephen Strange... otherwise known as *Doctor Strange*. Guy knows more about magic and the occult than pretty much anybody on Earth.

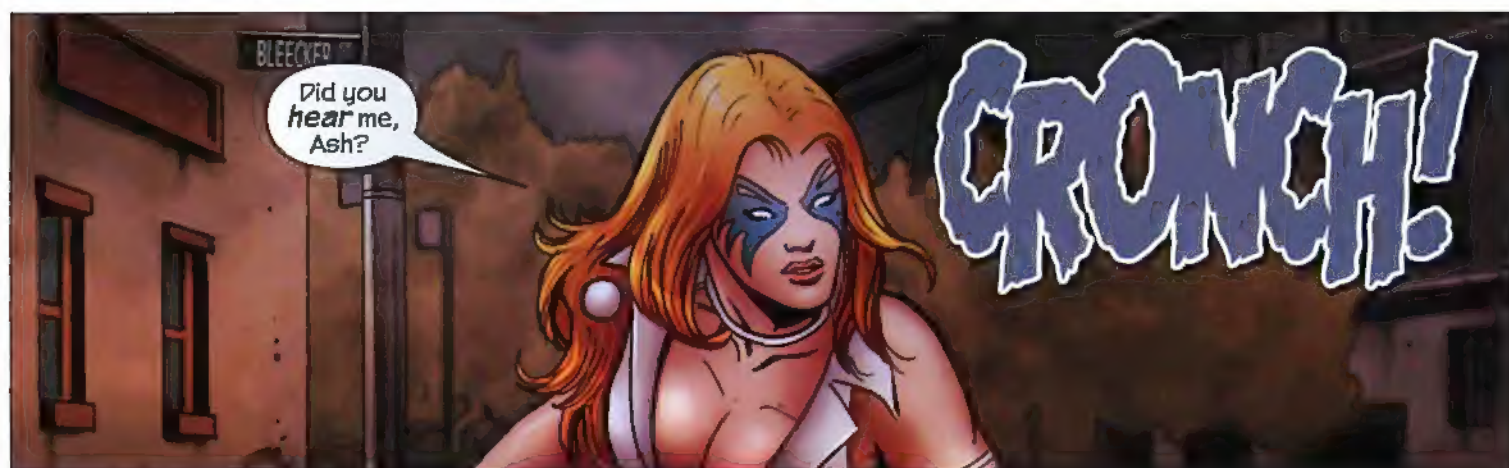


If he's not in *possession* of that supernatural book you're looking for, he'll at *least* know where we can find it.



And if that *Necronomicon* is *behind* this, like you say, then that means we're one step closer to *stopping* this zombie plague and *saving* the entire world.

MEFI!



Did you hear me, Ash?

**CRONCH!**



I said,  
"we're one  
step closer  
to--"

**BURRRRAPP!**

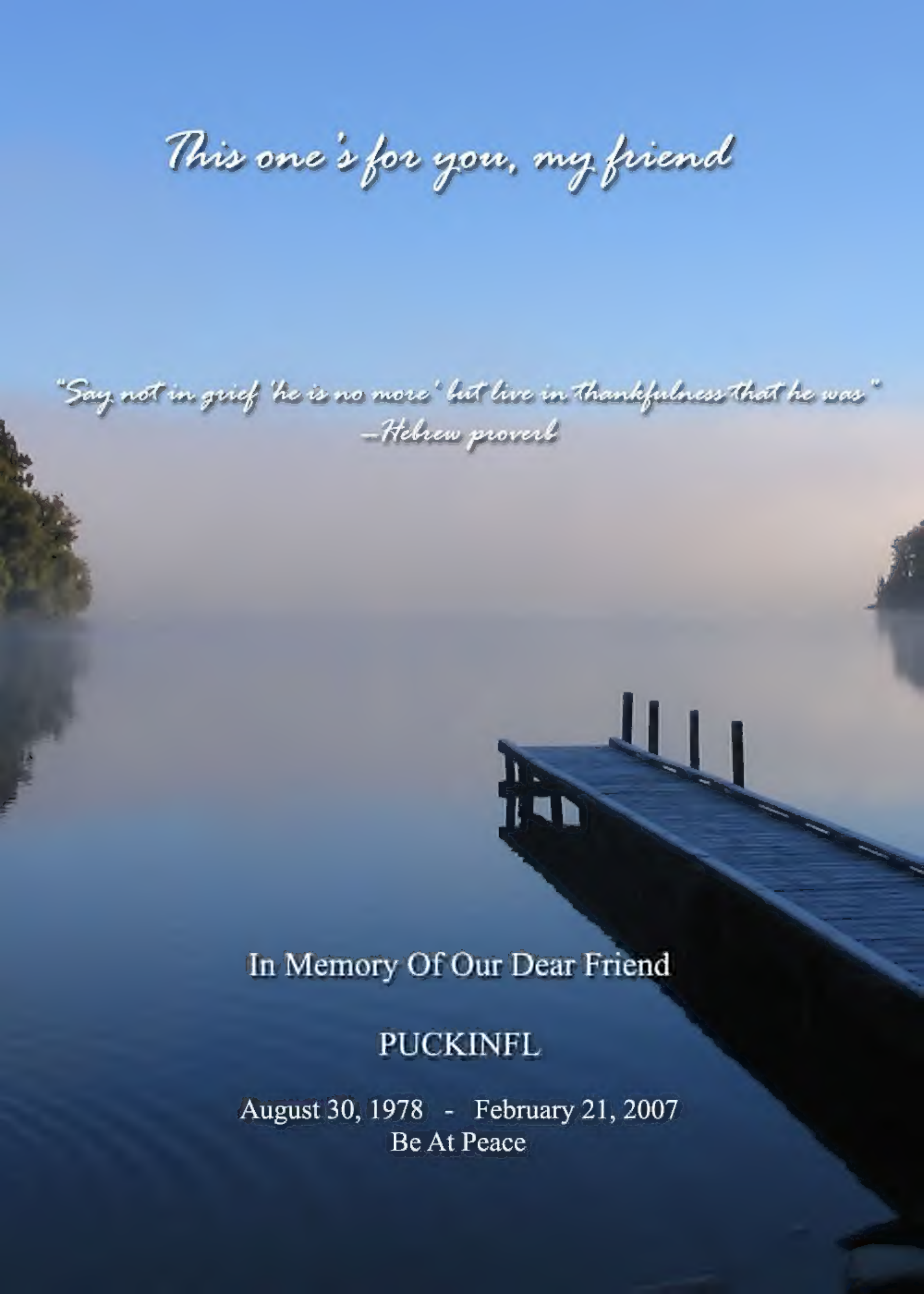
Uh-oh!

Yummmm.

Tastes  
like chicken.

**TO BE CONTINUED?**





*This one's for you, my friend*

*"Say not in grief 'he is no more' but live in thankfulness that he was"*  
*—Hebrew proverb*

In Memory Of Our Dear Friend

PUCKINFL

August 30, 1978 - February 21, 2007  
Be At Peace



Team DCP



KRYPTONIA

&

doodle